

TALES OF HORROR AND SUSPENSE!

mister



FEB.
No.15

MYSTERY

THE COFFIN



MEDUSA'S HEAD



10c



AFRAID TO SLEEP... FOR TO SLEEP WAS
TO DREAM... AND TO DREAM WAS A ...

NIGHTMARE!



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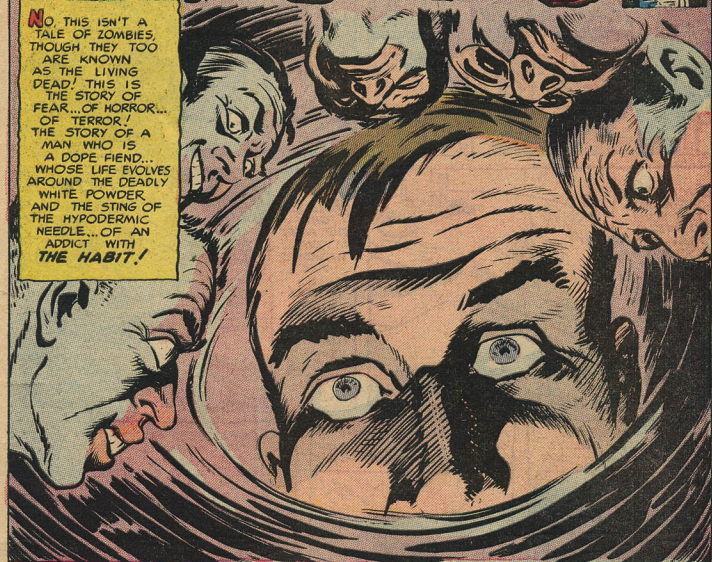
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LIVING DEAD



NO, THIS ISN'T A TALE OF ZOMBIES, THOUGH THEY TOO ARE KNOWN AS THE LIVING DEAD! THIS IS THE STORY OF FEAR...OF HORROR...OF TERROR! THE STORY OF A MAN WHO IS A DOPE FIEND...WHOSE LIFE EVOLVES AROUND THE DEADLY WHITE POWDER AND THE STING OF THE HYPODERMIC NEEDLE...OF AN ADDICT WITH **THE HABIT!**

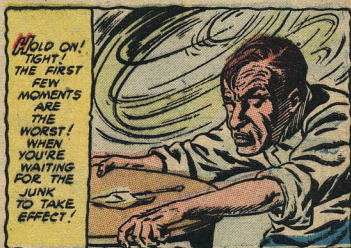
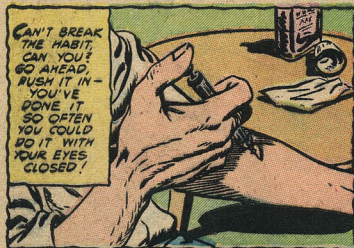
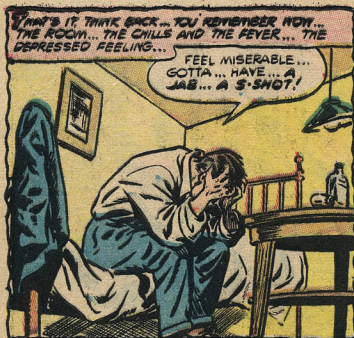


WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? **I CAN'T MOVE!** GOTTA GET UP... GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!!

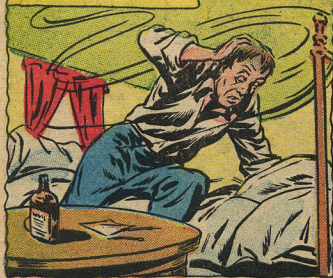


LET'S TAKE IT SLOW AND EASY... GETTING PANICKY WON'T HELP! THERE MUST BE A REASON WHY I CAN'T MOVE! GOTTA THINK BACK... NOW LET'S SEE WHAT IS THE LAST THING I CAN REMEMBER!

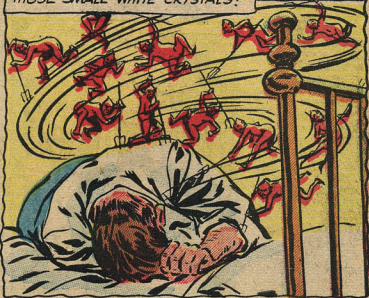




WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW... WHAT'S WRONG? IT ISN'T ALWAYS A PLEASURE, IS IT... SOMETIMES THE EFFECT WORKS IN REVERSE... INSTEAD OF THAT REVERIE, THAT ECSTASY... YOU WIND UP WITH... A NIGHTMARE!



AND THAT'S WHEN THOSE 'THINGS' TAKE OVER YOUR BODY... AND THEY TWIST AND SWIRL AND EAT OUT YOUR INSIDES... THE PRICE YOU PAY FOR THOSE SMALL WHITE CRYSTALS!



AND WHEN IT'S ALL OVER YOU'RE BETTER OFF DEAD! YOUR BODY HAS BEEN DRAINED OFF ITS POWER... ITS EMOTION... ITS WILL TO LIVE!



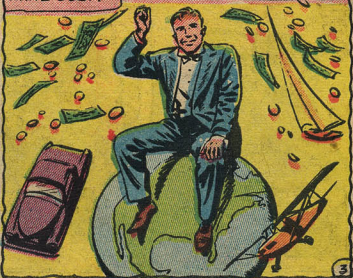
BUT — IT ISN'T ALWAYS A NIGHTMARE... SOMETIMES IT WORKS THE OTHER WAY... SOMETIMES IT LIFTS YOU UP AND KEEPS YOU THERE... MAKES A REAL MAN OUT OF YOU!



WHEN YOU'RE COKE UP YOU'RE A KING! YOU'RE HANDSOME, DASHING... THE KIND OF MAN YOU ALWAYS DREAMED YOU'D BE... THE KIND OF A MAN THE WOMEN GO MAD FOR... WILL DO ANYTHING FOR!



AND WHEN YOU'RE 'HIGH' THE WORLD IS YOUR OYSTER! YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING... YOU YEARN FOR NOTHING! OH, THE POWER OF THAT WHITE DUST!



THAT'S THE WAY IT IS WHEN YOU'RE AN ADDICT... ONE MINUTE YOU'RE UP IN THE CLOUDS, ON TOP OF THE WORLD... AND THE NEXT, THE BOTTOM HAS DROPPED OUT OF YOUR LIFE AND YOU'RE IN A LIVING HELL! BUT YOU DON'T CARE, YOU'VE GOT THE HABIT... YOU CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT THE STUFF!

BUT WHAT HAPPENED? THINK HARD... TRACE BACK! OH YEAH, ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE SPELLS... YOU WERE SUFFERING THE TORTURES OF THE DAMNED!



A SHOT!...
GOTTA HAVE...
A... SHOT!

BUT WHERE DO YOU GET A JOLT! FROM A PUSHER... HE'S YOUR SOURCE OF SUPPLY... HE'LL HELP YOU OUT!

GOTTA... GIVE... ME...
A SHOT... CHARLEY!
I'LL... PAY... YOU...
NEXT... WEEK... **BUT**
YOU GOTTA GIMME
A SHOT NOW!

NO DICE! NO DOUGH...
NO DOPE! WHAT D'YA
THINK I'M RUNNING, A
CHARITY? NOW BEAT
IT... YOU BOTHER
ME!



WHAT DO YOU DO NOW? FEEL THOSE CHILLS... THAT FEVER... IT'S COURSEING THROUGH YOUR VEINS... GOTTA DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT... GOTTA HAVE THAT DOPE!

YES? CAN I HELP YOU?

YEAH, I'LL TAKE...

HATE TO DO THIS, MISTER... BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY!



...THE DOPE YOU'VE GOT LOCKED UP! GOTTA HAVE IT!

NO! NO! DON'T DO IT! DON'T... DO... IT...!



THE FOOL! WHY IS HE DOING THAT? YOU DON'T WANT TO HURT HIM... YOU JUST WANT THAT DOPE!

YOU GOTTA STOP HIM... GO AHEAD, SQUEEZE THAT TRIGGER... YOU WANT THAT POWDER, DON'T YOU... IT'S THE ONLY WAY!

IT'S OVER WITH! WHAT ELSE COULD YOU DO? THE FOOL WOULD HAVE CALLED THE POLICE! HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND... THEY NEVER UNDERSTAND, DO THEY?



YES, NUMBER, PUL-EASE!

THAT'S THE LAST THING YOU REMEMBER, ISN'T IT? YOU TOOK THE JOLT AND THEN...AND THEN...

I...DON'T...REMEMBER...I...DON'T...REMEMBER! WHERE...AM...I? MUST...BE...ANOTHER...NIGHTMARE!



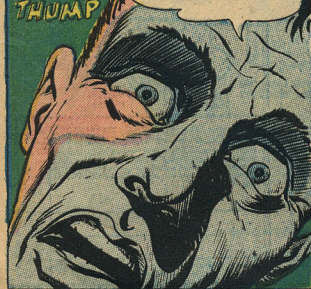
GET OUT! THEY'RE TRYING TO KEEP YOU LOCKED IN! THEY'RE CLOSING IN ON YOU!

GOTTA GET OUT! CAN'T BUDGE IT! MUST BUDGE IT! GOTTA GET OUT!



THUMP
THUMP

NO... DREAM! NO... NIGHTMARE! THEY'RE... THEY'RE...



THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP

HEAR THAT? THEY'RE AFTER YOU...THOSE IMPS AND DEMONS, THEY WANT YOUR SOUL!

NO! DON'T... DON'T... DON'T!



CAN'T BUDGE IT, CAN YOU? NO MORE STRENGTH!... OH, THE POWER OF THOSE WHITE CRYSTALS! WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW...?

...WE ARE GATHERED HERE...



...ASHES TO ASHES... DUST TO DUST...!

NO! I'M... NOT... DEAD! I'M...I'M...ALIVE!



BUT ARE YOU? WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE? FOR YOU HAVE THE HABIT... A HABIT THAT CAN'T BE BROKEN! YOURS IS A LIFE OF NIGHTMARE WORLDS... FOR YOU ARE...THE LIVING DEAD!

The End



BOYS, GIRLS, MEN, WOMEN!

The World Is On FIRE

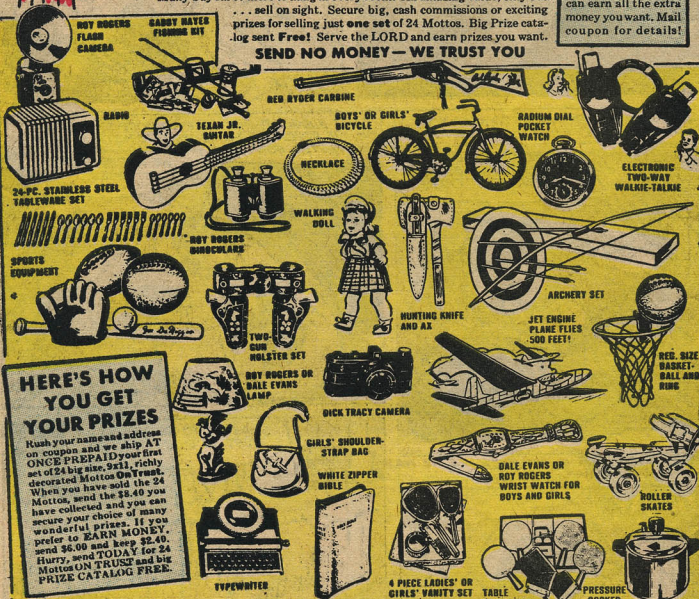
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EVER WONDER ABOUT **REINCARNATION**? OF COURSE YOU HAVE, EVERYBODY DOES! LEN WILL NOT ONLY WONDERED, HE ALSO BELIEVED! ONE OF HIS BIGGEST THRILLS IN LIFE WAS GOING TO HIS SWAMI AND LISTENING TO HIS THEORIES ABOUT THE SUBJECT! FOR LEN WILL HAD MANY PROBLEMS... ALL OF WHICH HE BELIEVED WOULD BE SOLVED...

AFTER DEATH!

IT IS GOOD THAT YOU ARE A BELIEVER IN AFTER-LIFE! FOR ONE DOES NOT REALLY DIE BUT IS ONCE AGAIN **REINCARNATED** UPON THIS EARTH! THE FORM OF THIS NEW BIRTH IS DICTATED BY THE **CHARACTER TRAITS** OF THE INDIVIDUAL!



V. FOSSA
© SCAR

ONE OF HIS BIGGEST PROBLEMS WAS HIS WIFE, GLORIA. FOR IN HER PRESENCE HE WAS NO LONGER A MAN.



HELLO DARLING... I'M HOME...

DON'T YOU DARLING ME... AND WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ANYWAY!

WELL, I'VE BEEN TO... BEEN TO SEE THE SWAMI!

NOT AGAIN! SO THAT'S WHERE YOU'VE BEEN WASTING YOUR TIME! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU TO STAY AWAY FROM THERE... ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU HAVE WORK TO DO! DID YOU RUN THOSE ERRANDS FOR ME... OF COURSE NOT!



SHE SURE IS BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T SHE? BUT THAT'S NOT WHY YOU MARRIED HER, IS IT? IT WAS FOR HER MONEY, HER WEALTH! BUT WHAT DID SHE SEE IN YOU, YOU'RE... YOU'RE A NOTHING!

SHE WAS IMPRESSED, THAT'S WHY! YOU'RE A WRITER AND SHE LIKED THE IDEA... THAT IS, IN THE BEGINNING SHE DID! NOW SHE HAS NO USE FOR YOU. TREATS YOU LIKE DIRT! AND YOU TAKE IT... BECAUSE OF THE NEARNESS OF MONEY MAKES A MAN SWALLOW HIS PRIDE!

BUT THE MONEY ANGLE DIDN'T QUITE TURN OUT THE WAY YOU FIGURED, DID IT? YOU NEVER DID GET YOUR HANDS ON IT... HOW COULD YOU WHEN SHE DOLED IT OUT TO YOU!

HERE'S YOUR WEEKLY ALLOWANCE, "DEAREST" NOW DON'T SPEND IT ALL IN ONE PLACE!

NO DEAR... I MEAN YES DEAR!

AND OH, HOW SHE MADE YOU CRAWL FOR IT... BUT WHAT COULD YOU DO ABOUT IT... NOTHING!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BABY... ISN'T THAT ENOUGH MONEY FOR YOU? MAYBE IF YOU'RE A GOOD BOY NEXT WEEK I'LL INCREASE YOUR ALLOWANCE! WOULDN'T THAT BE NICE!

YES DEAR... THAT WOULD BE NICE!

AND SHE TOOK DELIGHT IN ORDERING YOU AROUND, DIDN'T SHE?

COME OVER HERE AND SIT DOWN! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU! AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT... I'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME WITH YOU AS IT IS!

ALL RIGHT... I JUST WANTED TO...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, LEN... DON'T YOU LIKE ME ANY MORE? YOU USED TO... BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED! THEN YOU COULDN'T GET ENOUGH OF ME, COULD YOU?

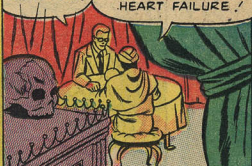
NO DEAR... ER, I MEAN YES DEAR!

BUT NOW YOU CAN'T STAND ME, CAN YOU? IF IT WASN'T FOR MY MONEY YOU'D LEAVE ME FLAT! WELL, IF THE MONEY IS SO IMPORTANT WHY DON'T YOU KILL ME FOR IT? YOU'RE AFRAID TO... THAT'S WHY! YOU'RE AFRAID TO DO ANYTHING! YOU'RE JUST LIKE A MOUSE!

SURE, THAT'S IT... KILL HER! I'LL BE FREE AND HAVE HER MONEY! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT BEFORE! I'LL DO IT!

THAT'S THE ANSWER TO ALL YOUR PROBLEMS! NOW TO GO THROUGH WITH IT... THAT'S ANOTHER STORY, THAT REQUIRES GUTS... SOMETHING YOU DON'T HAVE! WHY DON'T YOU CONSULT YOUR SWAMI, HE CAN CONVINCE YOU OF ANYTHING! EVEN MURDER!

...AND BECAUSE YOU'VE HELPED ME SO OFTEN IN THE PAST I JUST HAD TO TELL YOU THIS! BUT WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT...HOW CAN I GET AWAY WITH MURDER!



I THINK IT'S A VERY GOOD IDEA...THOSE WHO STAND IN THE WAY OF US TRUE BELIEVERS MUST BE ELIMINATED! AND I HAVE THE WAY! A MYSTERIOUS POISON OF THE EAST THAT LEAVES NO TRACE... THE VICTIM WILL APPARENTLY DIE FROM HEART FAILURE!

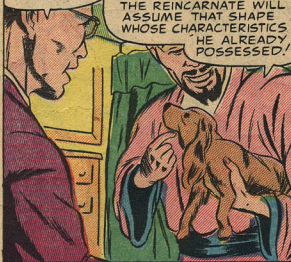
OF COURSE SHE WILL BE REINCARNATED...BUT YOU NEED NOT FEAR, HER NEW LIFE WILL BE IN THE FORM OF SOME ANIMAL... AN ANIMAL WHOSE TRAITS SHE HAS EVEN NOW!

HMMM, I WONDER! SURE, IT'S POSSIBLE!



WELL GOOD-BYE, SWAMI... WHEN DID YOU GET THE DOG, I NEVER SAW HIM AROUND BEFORE!

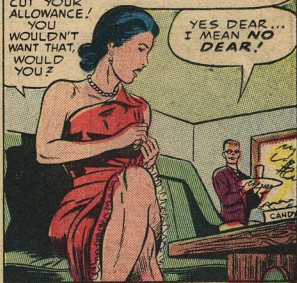
THIS IS THE REINCARNATION OF MY FAITHFUL SERVANT AHMID... NOTICE HOW FRIENDLY HE IS? JUST AS I SAID! THE REINCARNATE WILL ASSUME THAT SHAPE WHOSE CHARACTERISTICS HE ALREADY POSSESSED!



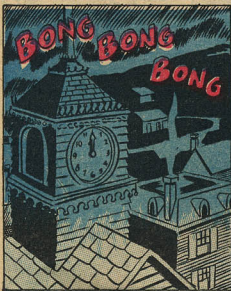
NOW THAT THE PLANS WERE LAID THE NEXT STEP WAS TO PUT THEM INTO OPERATION! DON'T BE AFRAID, LEN, NOTHING CAN GO WRONG! THE SWAMI ASSURED YOU OF THAT! AND JUST THINK OF THE MONEY THAT WILL BELONG TO YOU... MILLIONS! SO WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT!

WHAT KEPT YOU? DIDN'T I TELL YOU THAT YOU MUST SERVE ME MY MILK EXACTLY THE SAME TIME EVERY NIGHT! IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE I'LL CUT YOUR ALLOWANCE! YOU WOULDN'T WANT THAT, WOULD YOU?

YES DEAR... I MEAN NO DEAR!



SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY A CLOCK STRUCK MIDNIGHT AND SMALL VAMPIRE-LIKE FIGURES FLITTED AGAINST THE DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT...



...AND IN THE GRAVEYARD MYSTERIOUS SHADOWS DARTED AMID THE BROKEN TOMBSTONES...AS IF WAITING FOR SOMETHING...OR SOMEONE...



...SUDDENLY A DOG BAYED AT THE MOON...AN OMEN OF DEATH... FOR THERE WAS A MURDER BEING COMMITTED!



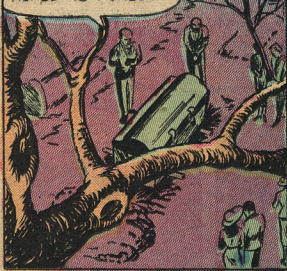
AND SO IT WAS DONE! THE RESULTS WERE JUST AS YOUR SWAMI SAID...

THE INTRACABLE POISON AND THE VERDICT OF HEART FAILURE, NOW IT WAS ALL OVER... THE MONEY WAS YOURS... NO MORE ALLOWANCE, NO MORE BEING ORDERED AROUND. LIFE WAS ONCE MORE WORTH LIVING!



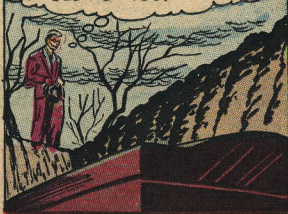
THEN CAME THE FUNERAL! YOU WERE PROPERLY OVERCOME WITH GRIEF... ENOUGH FOR PEOPLE TO BELIEVE IN YOUR DESPAIR ANYWAY...

ASHES TO ASHES...



FINALLY THE OTHERS LEFT! AND YOU WERE ALONE! THE PEOPLE THOUGHT IT WAS BECAUSE YOU WANTED TO BE ALONE WITH GLORIA... AND YOU DID... TO GLOAT!

WELL I OUTSMARTED YOU, DIDN'T I? FINALLY PUT ONE OVER ON YOU! HOW DOES IT FEEL TO KNOW THAT YOUR WEAK KNEED HUSBAND FINALLY GOT THE BEST OF YOU?



AND THEN...

A CAT! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM? FUNNY, I DIDN'T SEE YOU BEFORE! YOU JUST SEEM TO HAVE DEVELOPED FROM MID-AIR!



I JUST WONDER... WHAT WAS THAT THE SWAMI WAS TELLING ME ABOUT REINCARNATION? THE REINCARNATE TAKES THE FORM OF AN ANIMAL THAT IS CLOSEST TO ITS OWN CHARACTER TRAITS. SURE... WHY NOT, IT'S POSSIBLE!



OF COURSE... SLINKY... SVLTE... HER LOVE FOR MILK... HER CLAW-LIKE NAILS... WHY SHOULDN'T GLORIA TURN INTO A CAT!

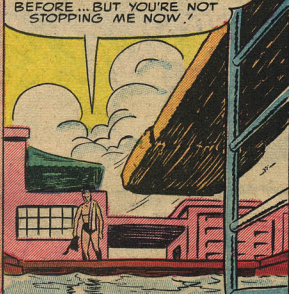


WHY YOU LITTLE DEVIL, TRY AND SCRATCH ME, WILL YOU? NOW I'M SURE IT'S GLORIA... THAT'S JUST HER WAY OF SHOWING HER HATE FOR ME!



AND SO
LEN TOOK
THE CAT
HOME
WITH HIM...
BACK
TO THE
MANSION
WHERE HE
COULD
MAKE UP
FOR ALL
THOSE
YEARS OF
SUFFERING
AT GLORIA'S
HAND! NOW
THE SHOE
WAS ON THE
OTHER FOOT...
AND HE
WAS
WEARING
IT THIS
TIME!

C'MON GLORIA... YOU'RE GONNA
WATCH ME ENJOY THIS POOL!
YOU NEVER LET ME USE IT
BEFORE... BUT YOU'RE NOT
STOPPING ME NOW!



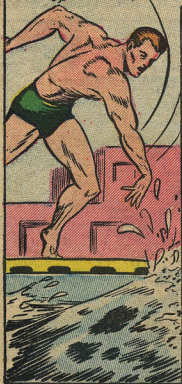
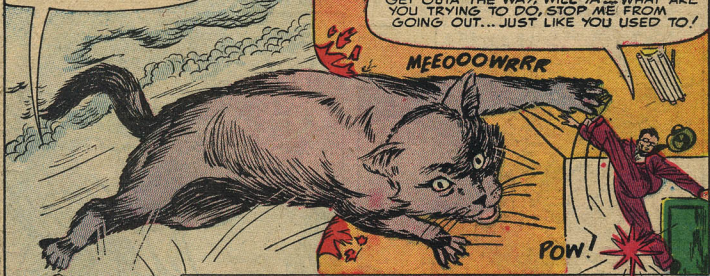
WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU...
WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF? OOH,
NOW I KNOW WHY YOU NEVER
USED THE POOL... CATS ARE
AFRAID OF WATER,
AREN'T THEY?



WELL YOU'RE GOING TO
USE IT NOW... WHETHER
YOU WANT TO OR NOT!

YES, YOU WERE GOING TO MAKE UP FOR ALL
THOSE YEARS OF ABUSE... AND IN A HURRY...

GET OUTA THE WAY, WILL YA... WHAT ARE
YOU TRYING TO DO, STOP ME FROM
GOING OUT... JUST LIKE YOU USED TO!



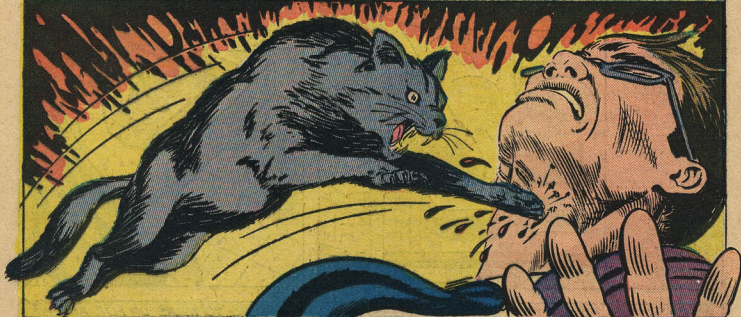
WHAT'S THE MATTER, GLORIA...
TOO HOT FOR YOU? OH I FOR-
GOT ABOUT THE PEPPER...
NEVER DID LIKE IT, DID YOU?



BUT APPARENTLY
GLORIA HAD TAKEN
ENOUGH ABUSE...
EVEN A CAT HAS A
LIMIT TO ITS
ENDURANCE...



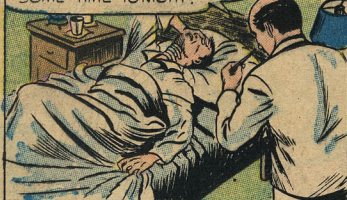
AND THE LIMIT HAD BEEN REACHED... IT WAS A SNARLING, ANGRY BALL OF FUR THAT LEAPED AT ITS ANTAGONIZER... AND RAKED ITS SHARP TALON-LIKE CLAWS DEEP INTO HIS NECK TEARING OUT CHUNKS OF FLESH AND BLOOD!



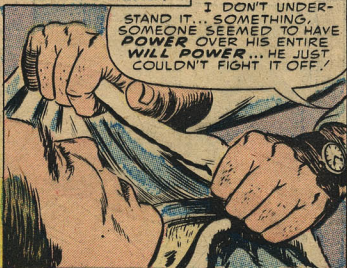
AND IN SPITE OF THE PRECAUTIONS YOU TOOK POISONING SET IN... EVEN IN DEATH, GLORIA STILL AFFECTED YOUR LIFE!

AND THE CRISIS CAME... AND PASSED... AND YOU WERE DEAD!

I DON'T LIKE THIS, THE FEVER'S GOING UP INSTEAD OF DOWN! WE SHOULD REACH THE CRISIS SOME TIME TONIGHT!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT... SOMETHING, SOMEONE SEEMED TO HAVE POWER OVER HIS ENTIRE WILL POWER... HE JUST COULDN'T FIGHT IT OFF!



AND NOW YOU HAVE BEEN REINCARNATED! WHAT WAS IT THAT THE SWAMI SAID...



...OH YES, THAT THE REINCARNATE SHALL ASSUME THE SHAPE DICTATED BY THE CHARACTER TRAITS OF THE INDIVIDUAL...



...WHICH MEANS YOU... WITH YOUR TRAITS... ARE A MOUSE!



The End

THE COFFIN

HE WAS SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING! **LOOKING, LOOKING, LOOKING!** AND HE WAS GETTING CLOSER... CLOSER! WHERE WAS IT? THE ANSWER LAY IN... **THE COFFIN!**



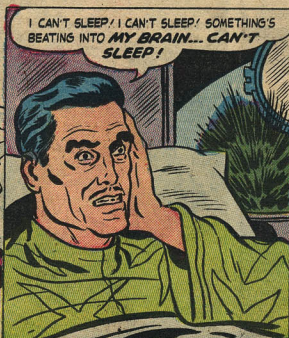
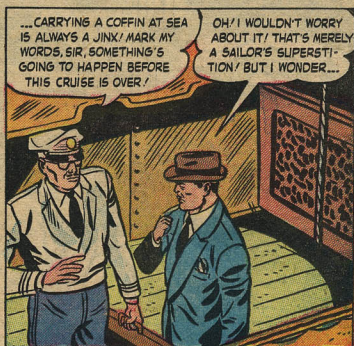
EVEN THOUGH YOU ARE VERY SICK, YOU CAN'T GIVE UP NOW! NOT WHILE THERE'S STILL HOPE!

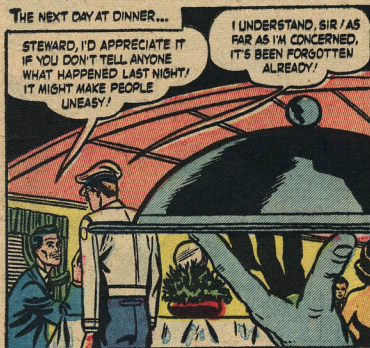
I HOPE SO, JOHN, BUT I DOUBT IT! I'M TOO FAR GONE ALREADY!

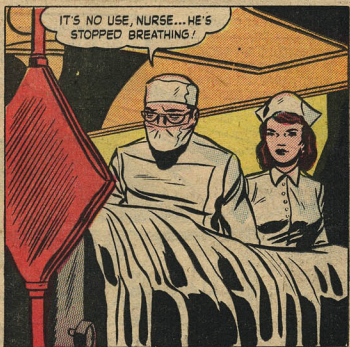
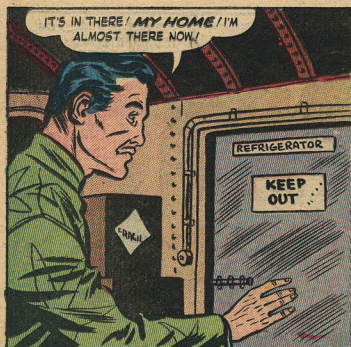


DON'T TALK LIKE THAT! AFTER THIS SPECIALIST OPERATES ON YOU, YOU'LL BE CURED! NOW GO TO SLEEP AND REST UP FOR THAT OPERATION!











FITS ALL CARS

STYLE #400

SNAKE-ZEBRA SKIN DESIGN—Printed Plastic can be used on either side. Gives snappy distinctive dress up appearance. Front or Rear Seat only

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MADE OF FLEXTON — HEAVY GAUGE PLASTIC
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• Waterproof and stain proof. Easy to attach to seats for perfect fit. Roomy and neat. Elastic shirring and reinforced overlap side grips insure perfect seat coverage. Will dress up your car's interior and give protection to seat upholstery. Whisk off mud, oil, sand, grime with a damp rag for bright as new appearance. Sewn with Nylon thread for long wear and durability.

ORDER FROM MANUFACTURER AND SAVE!

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MARDO SALES CORPORATION, DEPT. DS-391,
480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me seat covers I have marked. I can try for 10 days and return for refund of purchase price if I am not satisfied.

- ☐ Zebra-SNAKE Design, Reversible
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Name _____
Address _____
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UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds

FELLOWS! GIRLS! Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

with **VACUTEX**

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls
In Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates! Because blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! They DON'T look good in close-ups! So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure. I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's good night!"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with that fellow who has blackheads." But you—ARE YOUR ears burning?

Extract every blackhead with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.



ACTUAL
LENGTH
3 3/8"

infection from germ fingers. You'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Mail coupon and pay postman only \$1 plus postage. Or save postage, enclose \$1. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way—return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back.



New! SCIENTIFIC VACUUM ACTION!

VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression. VACUTEX creates gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. No painful squeezing! No dangerous

No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—release extractor—and blackhead's out!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 22,
19 West 44th St., New York 36, N. Y.

Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX \$1.00 postpaid.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.

THE TIME MACHINE MURDER

I AM writing all this to explain what a curious thing is fate. The best laid plans of Mice and Men . . . well . . . sometimes go astray. No matter how one plans, like as not, fate always seems to interfere.

Working on my great project to aid mankind, I was happy; and I knew when I announced my discovery to the scientific world I would be famous the world over. Now that I look back I see that the thought of fame motivated me more than the thought of mankind. I was selfish. For that I atone.

I was working to perfect a drug that would end all disease. The perfect antiseptic, the stuff, which when injected into the blood stream would kill all disease germs present. The stuff which would release mankind from its fear of cancer . . . tuberculosis . . . heart disease.

My private practice was neglected as I slaved in my secret laboratory, day after day, week after week, year after year. For four long years I worked, and no one knew. Then at last my experiments were done and I knew I had succeeded beyond my wildest dreams. I had the material in a test tube, the essence of life, that which would make man almost immortal! It glowed and bubbled as I turned it this way and that, almost as though it possessed a weird life of its own. . . .

In the morning I would announce my discovery to the world, I decided. I could picture myself being feted, being congratulated, the highest honors being bestowed upon me . . . and thus, I spent a sleepless, restless night . . . anticipating the fame that was to come to me in the morning.

What a terrible shock then, in the morning paper, to see the headlines—*Walter Harvey had beaten me to the announcement!* He had phoned his discovery in to the Academy of Science at 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The same time when I had made my discovery! But now he would get the fame, the glory, the immortality that was rightly due me. My

world dissolved in a blinding red haze of hate as I read the newspaper article.

Rushing into my lab, I picked up the precious vial of elixir and smashed it ruthlessly against the wall. I destroyed it as my dreams had been destroyed, and I knew that revenge against Harvey would be mine, and it would be sweet.

After the scientific furor had subsided, and he had received world wide praises—praises that should have been mine, I went to see him. Harvey was congenial and friendly and I got to the point quickly.

I accused him point blank, "You stole my secret!"

"Surely you can't mean that!" His friendly smile froze, then vanished.

"You stole the fruits of my life's work!" I snarled. "Four years labor gone . . . vanished to nothing!"

"But I've been working too," he tried to explain. "Look . . . my notes . . . two years before you even started!"

I would not listen, would not look. "You beat me by one day, and you will pay. I will have my revenge!"

He tried to reason with me, offered to share the discovery with me, but I would have none of his offers. Devoured by hate, my brain a seething turmoil of madness I told him I wanted all the glory or none. And again I threatened him, "You will pay, I swear it!"

So I left Walter Harvey with all his glory and went back to my laboratory to plan my revenge. I was clever. I knew that I must have an unshakeable alibi, one that no one could possibly break. And this is what I planned. *If I could go forward into the future, kill Harvey, and then return to the present, I would have the perfect alibi!*

Picture, if you can, time as a steel spring. One end of the spring is the past, the other is the future. Picture this spring extended . . .

time following its natural course along the coils. But if you push the spring tightly together then the coils touch, are tangent. You could step from one coil onto the next, from the present to the future. All that is needed is the force to tighten the spring.

That was my theory and I built a machine in my laboratory to tighten the coiled spring of time, so that I could move into the future. A year I worked on it, motivated by my insane, driving hatred of Walter Harvey. I sent a cat into the future, a dog; they returned unharmed. It was only necessary that I send myself into the future, kill Harvey and return to the present.

The night arrived, and I prepared for my unique voyage. My gun was in my pocket, loaded and ready as I stood before the mass of machinery lining my lab wall. I checked the timing device, it was set for an hour. I would go forward two weeks, stay an hour, and the machine would bring me back. Everything seemed to be in perfect working order as I checked and re-checked my plans. Everything except fate!

Standing in the electrical field range of the machine, I snapped on the starter switch. A low buzzing sound, like a million bees, filled the room, grew louder and louder. A sick dizzy feeling swept over me and then suddenly there was a rending, tearing agony in every part of my being. . . .

I found myself standing in the middle of the room. I felt all right. The machinery was quiet, motionless, and crossing the room, I picked up the phone, dialed the local newspaper office.

"Hello, could you tell me the date of today, please?"

I slammed the receiver down exultantly. I was right. The machine had worked perfectly. I was two weeks in the future!

I left the lab, grabbed a cruising taxi and crossed town to Harvey's office. I went in through the back way, climbed several flights of stairs, opened his door and entered. He was alone, back toward me, bent over a table on which he was apparently conducting an experiment.

"Harvey," I said.

He straightened, turned around and faced me. "Hello, Jim," he said, "glad to see you again. Hope you've gotten over that crazy idea of yours."

I pulled out the gun from my pocket and levelled it calmly at him. His face went white as he saw the gun.

"You're going to pay for stealing my idea, my work," I snarled.

"You'll never get away with it. Too many people know how you felt about me. They'll suspect you."

I laughed. "I'm too clever. Before I kill you, let me tell you what I have done. They may suspect me, but they'll never prove anything. *I came from the past, Harvey!* From two weeks ago! And I'll be going back in thirty minutes, and you'll be dead. And back there, when the time comes around, I'll arrange a perfect alibi for the time you're being murdered, and nobody will ever know."

He believed me, I could tell. He lunged at me and I shot him. Once, twice, three times. He coughed and folded to the floor. He didn't move. He was dead.

I went back to my lab and went in the room where the time machine was waiting. I sat down by it until the thirty minutes were up. Nothing happened. An hour passed, two hours. Then I rushed from the lab in a panic.

The police caught me a day later. . . .

Now I sit here in my cell and wait for them to come and take me for the last long walk. And I do not regret killing Harvey, only the fact that I was careless; and fate stepped in.

For with all my checking and re-checking, I forgot one thing . . . the weather. It was a stormy night, thunderstorms. Lightning struck the aerial on my lab, blowing out the fuses in the time machine. I couldn't get back into the past. I was stuck in the future. I had no alibi.

Listen they are coming for me now, down the hall . . . the cell door opens as I write this last message.

Now I must go. . . .

WHAT ARE DREAMS MADE OF? NO ONE KNOWS FOR SURE! HAROLD WAS A YOUNG MAN WHO FOUND OUT, BUT HE NEVER TOLD HIS SECRET... BECAUSE HIS DREAM TURNED OUT TO BE A...

NIGHTMARE!



COME ON, HAROLD...
YOU'RE RUNNING
A TEMPERATURE!
THE DOCTOR SAID
YOU MUST REST!

DON'T YOU
UNDERSTAND,
JACK... I'M
AFRAID
TO GO TO SLEEP!



THE
NIGHTMARES
I'VE BEEN
HAVING ARE
SO **REAL**
JACK... I
WON'T GO
TO SLEEP!

THE SLEEPING PILLS
I GAVE HIM WILL GO
TO WORK SOON.

OKAY, HAROLD, BUT
TRY TO REST IF YOU
CAN'T SLEEP!



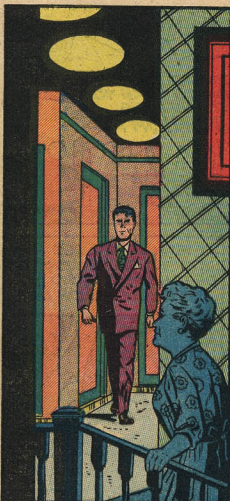
DON'T LEAVE ME
FOR LONG, JACK!
AND IF I GO TO
SLEEP, PLEASE
WAKE ME UP!

NO WONDER HE'S A LITTLE
OFF HIS ROCKER, LIVING IN
THIS ROOM! THERE'S NOT
AN OPENING BIG ENOUGH
FOR A RAT TO GET IN...
NOTHING BUT FOUR
WALLS AND A DOOR!



SURE,
HAROLD,
SURE!

HE'S ASLEEP AT LAST,
THANK HEAVENS! I'LL
LOCK THE DOOR SO THAT
NO ONE WILL DISTURB HIM!



OH, MRS. LARSON! HAROLD
HAS FINALLY GONE TO
SLEEP! HE'S QUITE SICK
ACCORDING TO THE
DOCTOR, AND HIS MIND
IS WANDERING! I'VE
LOCKED THE DOOR!

THAT'S GOOD! IT'S THE
ONLY KEY, SO LET
ME HAVE IT! I
WILL WAKE HIM
TOMORROW...
HE'LL BE
ABLE TO
GET A
GOOD
SLEEP!

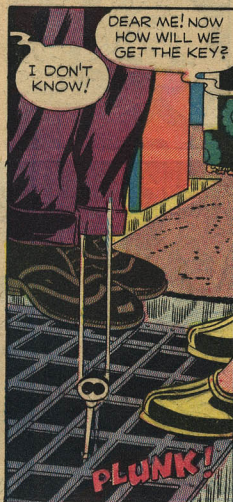


OH...I'M
SORRY!



DEAR ME! NOW
HOW WILL WE
GET THE KEY?

I DON'T
KNOW!



I'LL GET A LOCKSMITH
FIRST THING TOMORROW
MORNING! BUT WE'D BOTH
BEST GET SOME
SLEEP NOW!

IT'S GONE
ALL THE
WAY
DOWN!





IN THE MEANTIME, HAROLD HAS FALLEN SOUNDLY ASLEEP. SUDDENLY, IN HIS DREAMS HE HEARS VOICES CALLING TO HIM...

HAROLD! **HAROLD!** **HAROLD!** **HAROLD!**

TONIGHT WE ARE GOING TO TAKE YOU WITH US! YES... TONIGHT!




WE ARE TAKING YOU TO DREAMLAND, HAROLD!

AND THIS TIME YOU WILL STAY WITH US!



IT IS A PRIVILEGE FOR YOU TO BE TAKEN TO DREAMLAND...AND TO BECOME ONE OF US!



PLEASE... PLEASE! LET ME GO BACK!


IF YOU COULD WAKE UP YOU COULD GO BACK... BUT YOU ARE TOO SOUND ASLEEP, HAROLD!




YOU WILL WAIT HERE UNTIL WE BRING THE HIGH PRIEST OF DREAMLAND, HAROLD!

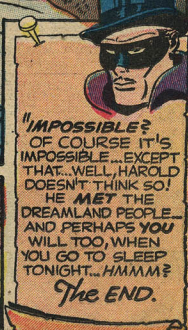
DO NOT TRY TO ESCAPE!

CLANG!



IF ONLY I COULD WAKE UP...THIS WOULD ALL DISAPPEAR!





MEDUSA'S HEAD



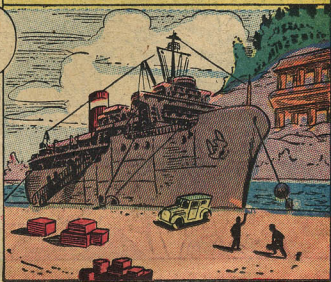
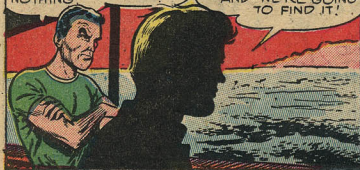
SO YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN LEGENDS! THEN YOU NEVER HEARD THE ONE ABOUT MEDUSA! FOR TO LOOK AT HER FACE, IF YOU HAD EVIL IN YOUR SOUL, WAS TO LOOK AT DEATH ITSELF! HERS WAS THE FACE OF DOOM!

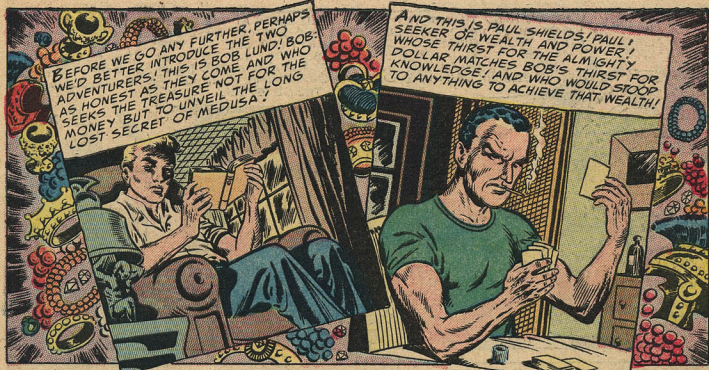
BUT THERE WERE OTHER LEGENDS ABOUT MEDUSA THAT PEOPLE WERE INTERESTED IN... ESPECIALLY THE ONE ABOUT HER TREASURE! AND BOB LUND AND PAUL SHIELDS WERE HUNTING FOR THAT TREASURE...

THE TWO MEN SOON LANDED IN ANCIENT GREECE. SOMEWHERE IN THOSE HILLS WAS WHAT THEY WERE SEEKING... THE TREASURE OF MEDUSA!

YOU SURE WERE RIGHT THIS TIME, BOB! WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR THE TREASURE FOR YEARS... AND ALWAYS ENDED UP WITH NOTHING! HATE TO WASTE THIS MONEY FOR NOTHING!

I KNOW I'M RIGHT! I FOUND THIS OLD MAP AMONG SOME HIDDEN PAPERS OF ANCIENT GREECE. EVERY INDICATION SHOWS WHERE MEDUSA HID HER TREASURE... AND WE'RE GOING TO FIND IT!





BEFORE WE GO ANY FURTHER, PERHAPS WE'D BETTER INTRODUCE THE TWO ADVENTURERS! THIS IS BOB LUND! BOB! AS HONEST AS THEY COME AND WHO SEEKS THE TREASURE NOT FOR THE LONG MONEY BUT TO UNVEIL THE LONG LOST SECRET OF MEDUSA!

AND THIS IS PAUL SHIELDS! PAUL! SEEKER OF WEALTH AND POWER! WHOSE THIRST FOR THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR MATCHES BOB'S THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE! AND WHO WOULD STOOP TO ANYTHING TO ACHIEVE THAT WEALTH!

AND THE NEXT DAY THE TWO MEN WENT TO WORK... TO FIND THAT TREASURE... AND EVERYTHING THAT WENT WITH IT!

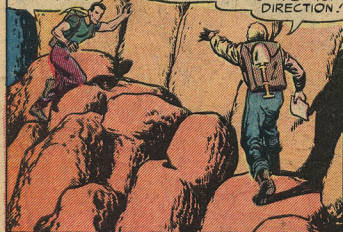
THE TRAIL ENDS HERE! BETTER LET ME SEE THAT MAP!

NO, I'LL HOLD ON TO THE MAP. JUST FOR SAFE KEEPING! IN THE MEANTIME, KEEP HEADING UP... THAT'S THE RIGHT DIRECTION!

UP AND UP THEY WENT... SEARCHING... SEARCHING! SUDDENLY THEY STOPPED... AMAZEMENT WAS WRITTEN ON THEIR FACES AT THE SIGHT BELOW THEM!

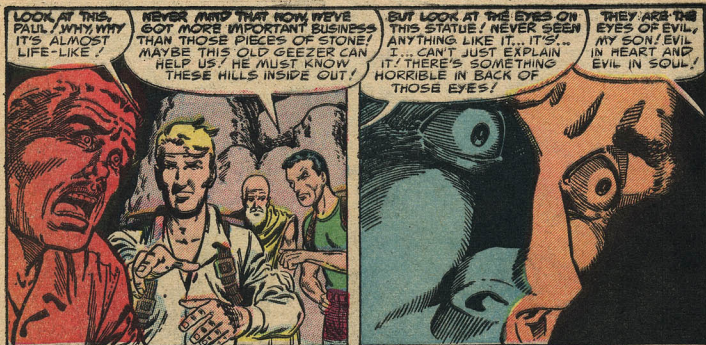
LOOK AT THAT! A SCULPTOR UP HERE IN THIS WILDERNESS!

NEVER MIND THAT, MAYBE HE CAN SET US BACK ON THE RIGHT TRAIL! C'MON, LET'S GO DOWN AND TALK TO HIM!



IT WAS A STRANGE SIGHT THAT GREETED THE ADVENTURERS WHEN THEY REACHED THE LEDGE! THERE, HIGH ON THE MOUNTAINS THEY FOUND A MANIACAL SCULPTOR SURROUNDED BY HIS WORKS!





LOOK AT THIS, PAUL! WHY WHY IT'S ALMOST LIFE-LIKE!

NEVER MIND THAT NOW WE'VE GOT MORE IMPORTANT BUSINESS THAN THOSE PIECES OF STONE! MAYBE THIS OLD GEEZER CAN HELP US. HE MUST KNOW THESE HILLS INSIDE OUT!

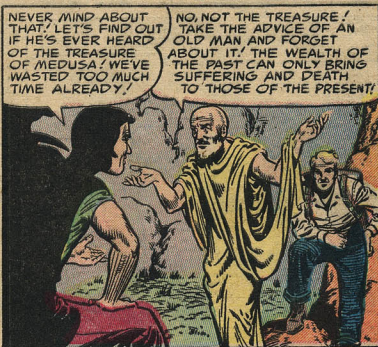
BUT LOOK AT THE EYES ON THIS STATUE! NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT... IT'S... I... CAN'T JUST EXPLAIN IT! THERE'S SOMETHING HORRIBLE IN BACK OF THOSE EYES!

THEY ARE THE EYES OF EVIL, MY SON! EVIL IN HEART AND EVIL IN SOUL!



EYES OF EVIL! THIS OLD COOT'S OFF HIS ROCKER!

NO, PAUL, I THINK I UNDERSTAND WHAT HE MEANS, I SENSE IT, TOO!



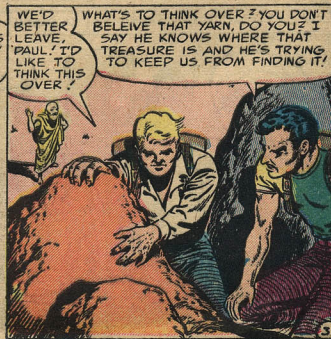
NEVER MIND ABOUT THAT! LET'S FIND OUT IF HE'S EVER HEARD OF THE TREASURE OF MEDUSA! WE'VE WASTED TOO MUCH TIME ALREADY!

NO, NOT THE TREASURE! TAKE THE ADVICE OF AN OLD MAN AND FORGET ABOUT IT! THE WEALTH OF THE PAST CAN ONLY BRING SUFFERING AND DEATH TO THOSE OF THE PRESENT!



WHAT KIND OF TALK IS THAT? WHAT'S THE MATTER, TRYING TO SCARE US OFF?

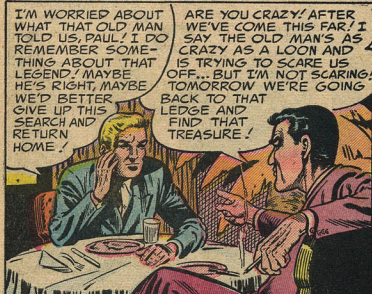
PERHAPS, MY SONS? FOR THESE STATUES YOU SEE WERE ALSO LIKE YOU! THEY WERE ALL SEEKERS OF MEDUSA'S TREASURE! BUT THEY WERE EVIL IN HEART AND SOUL... SO SUFFERED MEDUSA'S WRATH!



WE'D BETTER LEAVE, 'PAUL! I'D LIKE TO THINK THIS OVER!

WHAT'S TO THINK OVER? YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT YARN, DO YOU? I SAY HE KNOWS WHERE THAT TREASURE IS AND HE'S TRYING TO KEEP US FROM FINDING IT!

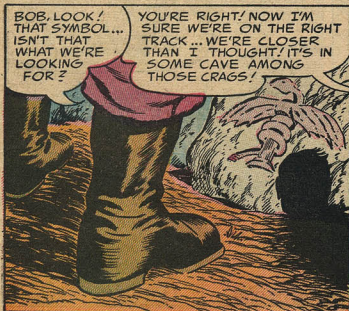
THE TWO MEN RETURNED TO THEIR LODGINGS FOR THE NIGHT. PAUL HAD FORGOTTEN THE WORDS OF THE OLD MAN, BUT NOT SO WITH BOB... THEY HUNG HEAVY OVER HIS TROUBLED MIND...



AND SO THE NEXT MORNING FOUND THE TWO MEN HIGH AMONG THE GREEKIAN CRAGS... WITH THE SCENT OF THE LONG LOST TREASURE HOT IN THEIR MINDS...



THE SEARCH WENT ON FOR HOURS AND TURNED UP EXACTLY NOTHING... BUT SUDDENLY THERE AT THEIR FEET APPEARED THE FIRST CLUE...

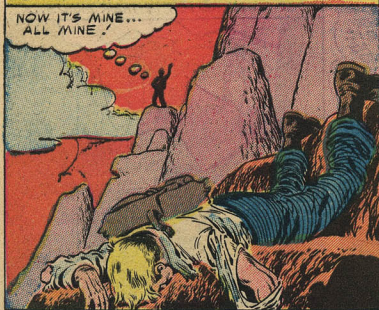


THE DECISION WAS MADE... NOW TO PUT IT INTO ACTION! PAUL BIDED HIS TIME ON THE CLIMB UPWARD, BUT FINALLY THE OPPORTUNITY PRESENTED ITSELF



THE BERSAM SHATTERED THE STILL MOUNTAIN AIR, AND THEN SILENCE; AND FAR BELOW, THE BROKEN BODY OF BOB LAY QUIETLY IN THE SUNLIGHT...

NOW IT'S MINE...
ALL MINE!



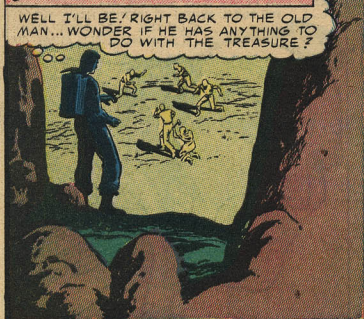
IT WAS AN EAGER PAUL WHO QUICKLY PICKED UP THE TRAIL AND FOLLOWED IT UP THE CLIFFS...

SOON NOW...
I'M ON THE RIGHT
PATH... I FEEL IT...
I KNOW IT...



UP AND UP THE TRAIL LED...UNTIL...

WELL I'LL BE RIGHT BACK TO THE OLD
MAN... WONDER IF HE HAS ANYTHING TO
DO WITH THE TREASURE?



WH-WHAT ARE
YOU DOING HERE?
I THOUGHT YOU
HAD GIVEN UP
YOUR QUEST!

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS!
YOU DIDN'T THINK I
FELL FOR THAT STORY...
DID YOU? I KNEW YOU
WERE JUST TRYING TO
SCARE US OFF... BUT
IT DIDN'T WORK...



BUT WHAT
ABOUT YOUR
FRIEND?
WHERE
IS HE?

WELL, ER, YOU CONVINCED HIM!
HE'S GONE... DIDN'T WANT ANY-
THING TO DO WITH THE
TREASURE AFTER
LISTENING TO YOU!



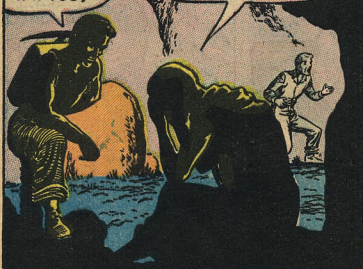
NO HE DIDN'T!
YOU KILLED HIM!
YOU'RE EVIL! I
CAN SEE IT IN
YOUR EYES!

TAKE IT EASY, POP... NO
SENSE IN GETTING EXCITED
ABOUT IT! LET'S JUST...
SAY WE HAD AN
ACCIDENT!



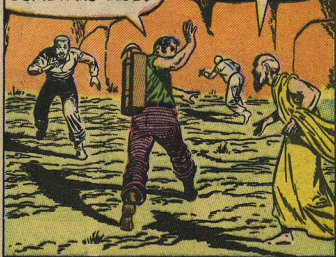
SURE, THAT'S IT...
THERE WAS AN
ACCIDENT! AND
YOU CAN'T PROVE
OTHERWISE,
CAN YOU?

NO, I CAN'T... BUT YOU
MURDERED HIM... LIKE I
KNEW YOU WOULD! FOR
YOU ARE EVIL... IN HEART...
AND IN SOUL!



GUESS THAT PUTS ME IN YOUR
COLLECTION, DOESN'T IT?
LET'S SEE, SHALL I
MAKE IT AN ACTION
POSE OR WOULD
YOU RATHER HAVE
SOMETHING ELSE?

IT IS ONLY
A FOOL
THAT WOULD
JOKE WITH SOME-
THING HE DOESN'T
UNDERSTAND!



WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT? ARE
YOU STILL
TRYING TO
SCARE ME
OFF?

AHA, THE EVIL ONE WORRIES
...PERHAPS THERE IS TRUTH
IN WHAT THE CRAZY MAN
SAYS! HE SHALL SEE THAT
TRUTH IN THE FACE OF
MEDUSA!



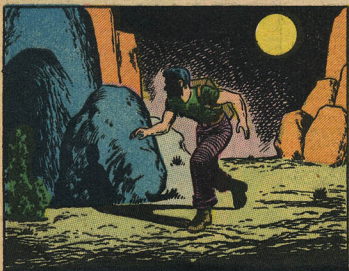
FACE OF MEDUSA? WHAT
ARE YOU DRIVING AT?

A HIDDEN CAVE!
AND ALL THE CLUES
POINT TO IT... THAT
MUST BE WHERE THE
TREASURE IS HIDDEN!
NO WONDER HE'S
TRYING TO KEEP ME
AWAY... HE HAS THE
TREASURE!

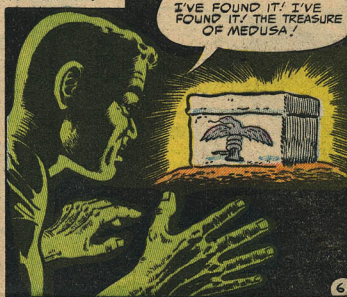


PAUL LEFT THE OLD MAN SOON AFTER THAT... BUT
NOT FOR GOOD! HE WAITED IN THE DARKNESS UNTIL
HE WAS ALONE AND THEN SILENTLY RETURNED
TO THE LEDGE... A LEDGE IN WHOSE HIDDEN
RECESSES LAY THE TREASURE OF THE AGES!

SILENTLY HE CROPT INTO THE STYGIAN DARKNESS...
AND THEN HE SAW IT... THE SEARCH OF CENTURIES
WAS ENDED!



I'VE FOUND IT! I'VE
FOUND IT! THE TREASURE
OF MEDUSA!



SLOWLY HE RAISED THE ANCIENT LID, EYES FILLED WITH ANTICIPATION... ANTICIPATION THAT TURNED TO AMAZEMENT... THEN TO TERROR... THEN TO HORROR!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, THE OLD MAN RETURNED... AND FOUND EXACTLY WHAT HE EXPECTED.

YES, HE WAS HERE! THE FOOL! WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL BRING HIM OUT! HE SHALL TAKE HIS PLACE WITH THE OTHERS!



AND A SHORT TIME LATER!

YES, HE WAS NO DIFFERENT THAN THE OTHERS... EVIL IN HEART... AND EVIL IN SOUL!



I COULD TELL... JUST BY LOOKING INTO HIS EYES... THE EYES OF EVIL!



WHAT? YOU WANT TO SEE WHAT WAS IN THAT CHEST... YOU'D LIKE TO LOOK AT THE TREASURE OF MEDUSA? BETTER EXAMINE YOURSELF FIRST... ESPECIALLY YOUR HEART... AND YOUR SOUL!



The End

How I foxed the Navy

by Arthur Godfrey



The Navy almost scuttled me. I shudder to think of it. My crazy career could have ended right there. Who knows, I might still be bumming Chesterfields instead of selling them.

To be scuttled by the Navy you've either got to do something wrong or neglect to do something right. They've got you both ways. For my part, I neglected to finish high school.

Ordinarily, a man can get along without a high school diploma. Plenty of men have. But not in the Navy. At least not in the U. S. Navy Materiel School at Bellevue, D. C., back in 1929. In those days a bluejacket had to have a mind like Einstein's. And I didn't.

"Godfrey," said the lieutenant a few days after I'd checked in, "either you learn mathematics and learn it fast or out you go. I'll give you six weeks." This, I figured, was it. For a guy who had to take off his shoes to count

above ten, it was an impossible assignment.

I was ready to turn in my bell-bottoms. But an ad in a magazine stopped me. Here, it said, is your chance to get special training in almost any subject—mathematics included. I hopped on it. Within a week I was enrolled with the International Correspondence Schools studying algebra, geometry and trig for all I was worth.

Came week-end liberty, I studied. Came a holiday, I studied. Came the end of the six weeks, I was top man in the class. Within six weeks I had mastered two years of high school math, thanks to the training I'd gotten.

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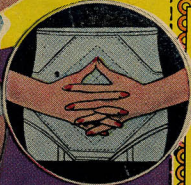
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